

# THE DRAMA;

OR,

*THEATRICAL*

POCKET MAGAZINE.

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MISS PATON.

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“Then PATON—with her sweet enchanting strains,  
Steals to our hearts, and o’er our senses reigns,  
With ravish’d ears, we hear the pleasing sounds,  
And heavenly joys the vaulted roof resounds.”

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A nutshell would almost comprize the whole of our “sayings” on this lady, for the short period of time she has been before the public eye, and in which she has risen to the highest honours of her profession, together with her youth, preclude the possibility of our making “much do about nothing.” The few particulars we have been able to glean, are we have every reason to hope, correct, as they have been before the public in various ways, and have not met with contradiction.

Miss P. is a native of Edinburgh, where she was born in October, 1802. Her father, who is a gentlemen of dis-

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tinguished professional eminence, much devoted to the fine arts, and highly celebrated for his classical knowledge, was at her birth, the respected proprietor of a mathematical seminary, and discovered in his daughter, even when a babe, the most singular musical talent. When only two years old she could name any tone, or semitone, on hearing it sounded—which was frequently ascertained by musical professors at the time. When four years of age, she played the piano, and a small harp, and also sung not only with some execution, but with a style peculiar to herself. Before her fifth year, she extemporised with surprising ability on the piano-forte, and published some fantasias and rondos entirely of her own composition. Miss P. had also discovered a talent for recitation equal to that for music ; and due attention was paid to the former as well as the latter. Accordingly when eight years of age, she gave (under the patronage of the DUCHESS of BUCCLEUGH) six public concerts, in Edinburgh, in one season, where she played the piano-forte and harp, sang and recited "*Alexander's Feast*"—COLLINS's "*Ode to the Passions*," and other principal pieces. Her performances in those various departments were so remarkable as to procure fashionable and overflowing audiences on every occasion. When Miss P. was about ten years old, her father was induced by promises of powerful patronage, both in his profession, and that of his daughter, from several of the Scotch nobility, and particularly the late DUCHESS of GORDON, to remove his family wholly to London. Here having a wider field for the exercise of her talents, she became a great favourite with the musical world, and sang at several of the nobility's concerts with much applause. She had also an annual public benefit, the last of which was attended by a numerous and brilliant assembly, including COUNT PLATOFF and other distinguished personages.(1) After this, her father with a degree of dis-

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(1) Here an interesting anecdote has been related. The grandmother of Miss P. like herself, was born a musician, she lived at the village of Strathbogie, [now Huntly] in Aberdeenshire. She played the violin, and although never professional, her fame was so great, that the DUKE of CUMBERLAND on his way to Culloden Field, went with

interestedness and parental affection, perhaps unprecedented in the history of such concerns, wisely withdrew her from public life until her judgment was matured and her taste confirmed, and she lived secluded from the world for near six years. By this judicious course of proceeding she was enabled to study under the best masters, and cultivate those superior talents which nature had so lavishly bestowed upon her. Having attained these objects, she has appeared for above two years at public and private concerts, universally admired. Public concerts have, of late, however, been monopolized by a few principal vocalists of established repute, together with the pupils of such masters as could secure their success. There was therefore no place for a young independent performer, who, without a great name, could not overtop the former, and was led to hope for something not entirely below the latter, who on their part, perhaps, did not wish to see her thwart their path. However in 1820, she sang at several concerts at Bath, and divided the applause of the audience with that musical phenomenon CATALANI;—Mr. BRAHAM also kindly lent her his powerful assistance, and finding that a full and fair hearing by the public in this as in other matters, was the best way to obtain impartial justice, and as concert singing generally produced only applause without adequate compensation, she entered into an engagement with the proprietors of the Haymarket theatre, and made her *débüt* on those boards in August last, as *Susannah*, in "*Figaro*." Her success is well known. She completely realized the expectations that had been excited of her. She sang with delicacy, feeling, and richness—and acted with surprising

some of his officers and musicians to hear her. His Royal Highness and company were so surprised and delighted with her performance, especially of Scotch airs, that he presented her with a superb scarf of silk tartan. This same scarf has been preserved almost unworn for nearly a century, until another distinguished personage, the HETMAN PLATOFF, honoured Miss P. with a similar present of Indian manufacture. These testimonials of genius we understand, are now occasionally worn by Miss P. with what may be considered a feeling of honest pride.

ease and correctness. Of her voice she seems to have complete command, and to which she appears capable of giving innumerable graces. Her turns and finishings are beautiful, combining true taste, with correct expression,—she in fact, wantons in melody. She does not attempt too great a luxuriance of ornament, but by a chaste simplicity of style, seeks to *please* rather than *astonish*, for which her rich and mellow tones seem most peculiarly well adapted. It is of that soft round quality which daily improves. It may also be observed, the more she draws it out, the richer is its sound, contrary to most other voices now before the public, and a very little more practice may reasonably be expected to give it all the fluency, delicacy, and not improbably the power exhibited by the greatest singers which have appeared. She is engaged at Covent Garden for three years at a rising salary.

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### MR. KEAN.

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[*Resumed from Page 214.*]

We shall next give Mr. BUCKE's letter to the sub-committee of Drury lane, when he finally withdrew his tragedy.

*"To the Committee of Drury Lane Theatre.*

"GENTLEMEN,

"When you were pleased to accept my tragedy, you promised to bring it forward immediately, and to support it with the whole strength of the theatre. Mr. KEAN, too, promised me the best assistance of his powerful talents.

"This pledge, I understand, is now at last about to be redeemed.—The redemption comes too late !

"The scene witnessed, the other evening, at the representation of Miss JANE PORTER's tragedy, can never be forgotten. It forms an epoch in theatrical history ; and the name of Mr. KEAN must ever be pronounced, with indignation, by all admirers of those prides of civilized life—elegant and accomplished women.

"The conduct of Mr. KEAN on that occasion, exhibited such a contemptuous disregard to the common decencies of society, that I scorn to be in any way obliged to him !

"Miss JANE PORTER is nothing to me :—I only remember having once passed a very agreeable evening in her society ; —that is all the personal knowledge I have of her ; but her character is well known to the estimable ; and her talents, as a writer, are universally acknowledged. That she has not been able to write a tragedy is no great matter of disgrace, seeing that the art appears to be entirely lost.—But to wound,—deliberately,—the feelings of such a woman, and that, too, before one of the most brilliant audiences ever assembled at a theatre, surely could not have proceeded from a man of courage !—It is, indeed, so gross, that language is powerless, when it would presume to visit it with commensurate condemnation.

"You may, gentlemen, continue to suffer the establishment of Drury Lane Theatre to become a martyr to Mr. KEAN's ambition and caprice, if you please ;—I shall have nothing more to do with him !—Therefore, with every sentiment of respect towards you, individually, I beg leave to withdraw my tragedy of "*The Italians*" entirely from the stage.

Feb. 18, 1819.

"I am, gentlemen, &c. &c."

Mr. BUCKE having thus dexterously excited the public attention to his tragedy, now thought proper to publish it, with a preface, which drew from Mr. KEAN an angry, and perhaps an injudicious answer.

"A lie—an odious lie, a damned lie—  
Upon my soul, a lie—a wicked lie."

*To the Editor of ——— (1)*

SIR,—My hours are at this moment too much, and, I am proud to say, too well occupied, to be devoted to such unworthy subjects as "*The Italians*" and its author ; but to confute the malicious propagations, emanating only from a corrupt heart and little mind, I think it necessary to state, through the medium of your paper, that no such conversation ever passed between Mr. BUCKE and myself as the public prints have specified ; and that Miss KELLY (whose talents I look on with enthusiastic admiration) never was to my

(1) This letter was published in several papers.

knowledge, allotted any character in the play. Mr. PETER MOORE, one of the Drury Lane Committee, excited, with some ability, my personal compassion for Mr. BUCKE ; in consequence of which, I undertook to act in his play ; and, had it been produced, should have done my utmost to have fulfilled my duty to that public, whose name I teach my child to bless—to whose protection my gratitude alone is due—and over whose unprejudiced mind malevolence can never have an influence.

On reading the tragedy of "*Deranged Intellect*" (for that was the name it was known by in the Green Room) to my professional brethren, the only feelings it excited were uncontrollable laughter, and pity for the author. From this criterion, I took the liberty of suggesting to the Management the impossibility of producing a play, which must have been attended with considerable expense, when there was not in it one gleam of success. There is certainly some pretty poetry in the character which was to have been sustained by Miss CUBITT ; and after that I will say, in good set terms, Mr. BUCKE's tragedy is the worst of the bad. In this opinion I am joined by the whole of the dramatic corps that were to have been concerned in it ; and particularly by the present Acting Manager, whose judgment as an artist, and conduct as a man, form an impregnable bulwark in my defence. The publication of "*Deranged Intellect*" is all the answer necessary to the author's attack upon my judgment ; and for his inventive fabrication, I publicly tell him that he has not uttered one word of truth in the whole of his aspersions ; and I then leave him to his contemplations, with disgust for his falsehood, and pity for his folly.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

EDMUND KEAN.

P. S. I shall enter into no public contentions ; if Mr. "*Deranged Intellect*" wishes to indulge his malice further, he knows where I am to be found.

No. 12, Clarges Street, March 17, 1819."

To this Mr. BUCKE replied as follows :—

"*To the Editor of the Morning Herald.*

SIR,—Observing a letter in your paper this day, signed

"EDMUND KEAN," I beg leave to state, that I shall wait a short time, in order to see whether that letter was written by him or not. I have still too good an opinion of Mr. KEAN to suppose that it was. It is impossible that such language can have proceeded from the first tragedian of the day. If, after the expiration of two or three days, Mr. KEAN does not disown it, I shall naturally conclude that he *did* write it; and answer it in a manner at least, I hope, becoming a gentleman to write and a gentleman to read.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

Friday.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE ITALIANS."

[*To be resumed.*]

## FLORES HISTRIONICI.

### V.—*SEDUCTION; OR, THE TEARS OF A FATHER.*

SCENE—*A Garden.*

*De Malfort. (Alone.)* Oh, what a conflict rages here;—  
my soul,

Shrink not from the task! have I consented?  
Can these eyes, that watch'd her in her childhood,  
Behold her form, bereft of all its beauty?  
Oh, as her young life advanced in joy,—  
When virtue smil'd and spread the fleeting scene  
That seem'd to mock the envious wiles of guilt;—  
Ah, 'twas illusive all!—the morn arose  
Smiling and cheerful—but night spread her shade!  
The sun of hope had sunk, and all was fled  
That lit my soul to happiness!—this tear—  
Yes, I will meet her—still I fear to look  
If yet she is approaching—

*Enter IRELIA.*

*Ire.* Father, father!—

*De M.* Her voice!—*Irelia—*

(*He rushes towards her—she sinks at his feet faintly articulating*)

Oh, curse me not,  
My heart will break !

*De M.* Curse thee, my girl ?—my curse—  
Oh no, it must not fall on thee :—look up—  
Embrace thy father ;—while I hold thee thus,  
Thus to my heart, I feel a tide of love  
Glide softly through my veins, and fill my soul  
With fond paternal ardor !—oh, this form,  
Lovely e'en in its wreck—the heart it held  
Was not more heavenly ! these tears—alas !  
All then was joy :—I gazed upon thy face,  
And thought I saw the face of virtue, deckt  
In gaiety !—I listen'd to thy tones,  
As thou would'st sometimes tune thy harp at eve,  
And breathe thy plaintive notes upon my ear,  
And then I thought of happiness !—and hope  
Would oftimes tell me of thy future hours—  
That this glad scene would be perpetual—  
No after years of sorrow—but alas !  
The dark fiend rose, and saw us in our joy ;—  
Then came he, as the wily serpent came,  
That kill'd the germ of innocence on earth,  
And gave to man his early lesson—sin ;  
He saw and blighted—oh, how keen his fang,  
That left me but the mockery of life !

*Ire.* Oh, speak not thus, my father ;—if the tie  
Of nature be indeed indissoluble,  
If 'tis not sever'd by your daughter's crimes  
Accord me not this deep and dreadful anguish !

*De M.* Irelia, oh, forgive thy poor worn father :—  
But the great pang that is within me, gives  
A phrenzy to my words ;—mine is a grief  
In which no heart may e'er participate ;—  
My honor fall'n, and my last dear hope  
Pass'd silently away—all gone, all fled—  
I fondly thought—again my mind recurs  
To days gone by—such feelings mock our sorrow !

*Ire.* Oh, banish them, my father, for they drink  
My very lifeblood, and I yet would live  
To ask your dear forgiveness !

*De M.* Ah, my child,



Heav'n sees my heart—I do forgive thee !  
I curs'd thee in my wrath, but heaven's mercy  
Will erase the guilty stain—if yet he lives,  
He, girl, whose hand I oftimes held in friendship—  
That hand bereft me of my child—

*Ire.* He lives !

*De M.* The black destroyer lives ! oh, may his life—

*Ire.* My father utter not the dreadful words ;  
It ill becomes the breath of man to urge  
His fellow's condemnation !

*De M.* Tell me, girl,  
The process of your guilt—oh, 'twould impart  
Serenity to sorrow, but to learn  
Thou wert less guilty than thy paramour !

*Ire.* I yet have strength to tell the tale :—oh, shame,  
To tremble thus—'tis past—I will be sudden :—  
From the first hour that Geraldine came  
Into my presence, he had sought to win  
The secret that oppress'd my heart—I lov'd him—  
For his whole soul seemed guileless—he would dwell  
With fervor on his passion, and his eye  
Seem'd to betray the struggles of a heart,  
O'erfraught with tenderness ;—then as he spoke  
A throb of strange delight confirm'd his pow'r—  
The artless blush that play'd upon my cheek,  
A blush of pleasure, told him how I lov'd !  
Yet still he urg'd me to conceal from thee  
His fatal pleadings :—I believ'd his vows,  
I listen'd—and was happy ;—for my heart  
Was then unconscious of a crime—but soon  
How chang'd the being whom I lov'd :—his brow  
That seem'd to glow with virtue, was array'd  
In all the colors of destructive guilt !  
I shudder'd as he turn'd his eye upon me,  
And shrunk in terror from his with'ring glance !  
'Twas in these moments thou would'st sometimes ask  
The cause of my disgust, but I fear'd  
To hide my secret in a father's breast !—  
I thought him noble, and I pledg'd my vow  
Never to be another's—I had deem'd  
That all of honor centred in his heart,

But he was faithless !—As the gen'rous day,  
 On whose pure light these eye-lids soon must close,  
 I hail'd his coming with the look of love ;  
 But when he first implanted on my lip,  
 The young and glowing kiss of fond desire,—  
 I felt the throb of ecstasy !—a sigh,  
 But not of sorrow, would escape my heart ;  
 As with a trembling wildness in his eye,  
 He press'd me to his bosom—oh, my father,  
 Had but one friendly dream arous'd my soul,  
 From the deep lethargy of passion's hour,  
 If but a thought of all the after-horror,  
 The agony of peril and remorse—  
 My breath grows clammy—

*De M.* Nay, croak out the tale  
 In hoarser accents to a father's ear ;  
 Let not the winds deprive me of one sound ;  
 Come, speak it ; for 'tis precious as the rain  
 That falls to nourish the dry earth in summer !

*Ire.* Oh, be less frantic :—on that dreadful morn,  
 When, desolate, I fled a parent's arms,  
 To seek a shelter in a desert clime,  
 Where dwelt but misery, all nature wore  
 A livelier aspect, and the joyous east  
 Welcom'd her coming guest ;—the bird of morn  
 Was sporting in the heavens—earth was still—  
 The dew-drops glisten'd in the glowing light,  
 And the green trees were brighter to my eye !  
 My heart was fill'd with sorrow, and the scene  
 Appear'd to mock me in its pride of beauty ;  
 Advancing thro' the garden, I beheld  
 The little rose-tree—planted by my hand ;—  
 Oh, never had it shed its sweets 'till then !

*De M.* My child—Irelia, speak,—oh ! speak of him,  
 Of him who has destroy'd thee !—

*Ire.* I am faint,  
 And feel the chill of death ;—one effort more :—  
 He bore me to a land, far, far from hence,  
 And strove to win me into smiles ;—alas,  
 The sounds of festive mirth were not for me ;  
 For melancholy, pictur'd on my brow,

Had spread her gloomy trammels all around,  
 And marr'd each thought of pleasure—'till at length,  
 My love—the idol of my soul—the man  
 In whom I trusted—he, Gerald, fled—  
 My heart is bursting—left me to despair ;—  
 Alone—unpitied—friendless—

*De M.* Miserable girl !

Forsaken !—friendless !—and the monster lives !

*Ire.* Aye, lives full blest within another's arms—  
 The husband—of a gay and blooming bride !

*De M.* His bride !—wedded—great heav'n !—I cast  
 aside

All bonds of brotherhood to men !—alone,  
 I imprecate huge thunders on the world !—  
 For him—may heaven breathe an atmosphere  
 Engend'ring pestilence—may years of pain  
 Be minutes in th' account of time !—may death  
 Scoff at his pangs !—may the bright sun be black,  
 And loathsome in his madly starting eye !  
 May darkness yield no shelter, and dismay  
 Be ever in his heart !—his love a bane—  
 His joys—the tortures of the damn'd !—a curse  
 For ever scorch him—may his children bear  
 The form of hideousness, and emulate  
 The actions of their father !—may his voice  
 Be hellish discord in the ears of men !—  
 May ruin be around him, and the cries  
 Of bleeding victims sound his harmony !

*(Irelia falls at his feet.)*

Irelia !

*Ire.* Oh, farewell, farewell, my father !

May all your after life—I yet wou'd breathe

A pray'r—but 'tis late ;—oh, mercy—heaven ! *(Dies.)*

*De M.* Gone, gone—my child !—Irelia !—nay, I'll love

And guard thee as a precious relic !—breathe—

Oh, breathe, my girl !—my dear girl !—dead—

*(He falls upon the body.)*

Oct. 7, 1822.

S. L. B.

## A PLAY WRITER

*(By the Author of Hudibras.)*

OF our times is like a fanatic, that has no wit in ordinary easy things, and yet attempts the hardest task of brains in the whole world, only because, whether his play or work please or displease, he is certain to come off better than he deserves, and find some of his own latitude to applaud him, which he could never expect any other way; and is as sure to lose no reputation, because he has none to venture.

Like gaming rooks, that never stick  
To play for hundreds upon tick;  
'Cause, if they chance to lose at play,  
Th'ave not one halfpenny to pay;  
And, if they win an hundred pound,  
Gain, if for sixpence they compound.

Nothing encourages him more in his undertaking than his ignorance, for he has not wit enough to understand so much as the difficulty of what he attempts; therefore he runs on boldly like a fool-hardy wit; and Fortune, that favours fools and the bold, sometimes takes notice of him for his double capacity, and receives him into her good graces. He has one motive more, and that is, the concurrent ignorant judgment of the present age, in which his sottish fopperies pass with applause, like OLIVER CROMWELL'S oratory among fanatics of his own canting inclination. He finds it easier to write in rhyme than prose; for the world being overcharged with romances, he finds his plots, passions, and repartees, ready made to his hand; and if he can but turn them into rhyme, the thievery is disguised, and they pass for his own wit and invention without question; like a stolen cloak made into a coat, or dyed into another colour. Besides this, he makes no conscience in stealing any thing that lights in his way, and borrows the advice of so many, to correct, enlarge, and amend, what he has ill-favouredly put together, that it becomes like a thing drawn by council, and none of his own performance, or the son of a w—— that has no one certain father. He has very great reason to prefer verse before prose in his compositions; for rhyme

is like lace, that serves excellently well to hide the piecing and coarseness of a bad stuff, contributes mightily to the bulk, and make the less serve by the many impertinencies it commonly requires to make way for it; for very few are endowed with abilities to bring it in on its own account. This he finds to be good husbandry, and a kind of necessary thrift; for they that have but a little, ought to make as much of it as they can. His prologue which is commonly none of his own, is always better than his play; like a piece of cloth that is fine in the beginning, and coarse afterwards; though it has but one topic, and that is the same that is used by malefactors when they are to be tried, to except as many of the jury as they can.

### LINES,

*Written on the Anniversary of SHAKSPEARE'S Birth,  
Friday, April 23, 1820.*

Poet of Nature and the human heart,  
Unrivalled master of a hallowed art!  
Or rough or polished—lowly or sublime—  
Creeping or soaring—'tis the same to thee  
“*Who wert not for an age—but for all time*”  
And what thou hast been—evermore shalt be—  
The enchanter and amender of the mind,  
That seeks instruction or delight to find!

I dare to lay before thy hallowed shrine  
This uninspired and worthless verse of mine,  
And mingling with the proud enthusiast throng  
To whom it doth with kindred power belong  
To give their mighty master tribute due,—  
I haste to pay my humble worship too,  
And kneeling at this holy altar prove  
The courage that has sprung from ardent love!

The paltry tribute my heart offers here,  
May not be wholly worthless—other times  
Which, being gone, are rendered doubly dear—  
Knew me a visitant of SHAKSPEARE'S sphere,

Ere in this strange life's follies, cares, and crimes,  
 This heart became an actor ;—in the day  
 Which flew, alas, too transiently away,—  
 That little day of the soul's solitude  
 When hopes, thoughts, fears and feelings were endued  
 With the enchanting halo which is thrown  
 Upon the mind, all peopled, yet alone—  
 Which makes and rules o'er kingdoms of its own !

J. W. DALBY.

## SHAKSPEARE AND THE EARLY DRAMATISTS.

MR. DRAMA,

The following lines enumerative and descriptive of our early dramatists are extracted from HEYWOOD'S "*Hierarchy of the blessed Angells, their names, orders and offices*," fol. 1635. Many of your readers will probably regard them as valuable from the incidental notice of SHAKSPEARE, but the whole deserves to be re-printed for the sake of other writers, and the whimsical reason which led to their composition.

" Our modern poets to that passe are driv'n,  
 Those names are curtail'd which they first had given ;  
 And, as we wish to have their memories drowned  
 We scarcely can afford them halfe their sound.

GREENE, who had in both academies tane  
 Degree of Master, yet could never gaine  
 To be called more than *Robin* ; who, had he  
 Profest—ought saved the muse, served, and been free,  
 After a seven years' 'prenticeship, might have  
 (With credit too) gone *Robert* to his grave.  
 MARLO, renown'd for his rare art and wit,  
 Could ne're attain beyond the name of *Kit*,  
 Altho' his '*Hero* and *Leander*' did  
 Merit addition rather. Famous KIDD,  
 Was call'd but *Tom*. TOM WATSON, (tho' he wrote

Able to make Apollo's selfe to dote  
 Upon his muse;) for all that he could strive,  
 Yet never could to his full name arrive.  
 TOM NASH, (in his time of no small esteeme)  
 Could not a second syllable redeeme.  
 Excelent BEWMONT, in the formost ranke  
 Of the rar'st wits, was never more than *Frank*.<sup>(1)</sup>  
 Mellifluous SHAKE-SPEARE, whose enchanting quill,  
 Commanded mirth or passion, was but *Will*.  
 And famous JONSON, tho' his learned pen  
 Be dipt in Castaly, is still but *Ben*.  
 FLETCHER and WEBSTER, of that learned packe  
 None of the mean'st, yet neither was but *Jacke*.  
 DECKER's but *Tom*: nor MAY; nor MIDDLETON;  
 And he's but now *Jacke* FOORD, that once were *John*.

Nor speake I this, that any here exprest,  
 Should think themselves lesse worthy than the rest,  
 Whose names have their full syllable and sound,  
 Or that *Franke*, *Kit*, or *Jacke*, are the least wound  
 Unto their fame and merit. I, for my part  
 (Thinke others what they please) accept that heart  
 Which courts my love in most familiar phraze;  
 And think it takes not from my pains or praise.  
 If any one to me so bluntly com,  
 I hold he loves me best that calls me *Tom*."

HEYWOOD was a man of much ability, and totally free from that pitiful envy of other writers, which is too often the companion of genius. He never omits an opportunity of panegyrising, in the warmest terms, the merits of his contemporaries.

MALONE says, "there is reason to believe that SHAKSPEARE performed the part of *Old Knowell*, in "*Every Man in his Humour*,"<sup>(2)</sup> the only reason for that supposition is,

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(1) In a collection of Epigrams, by J. DAVIES, called "*The Scourge of Folly*," 1611, is one addressed to BEAUMONT, commencing thus;—

"Some that thy name abbreviate call thee *Frank*."

(2) Supplement to SHAKSPEARE, 1780, vol. 1, p. 50. BEN JONSON's Works, 1640, vol. 1.

that the name of SHAKSPEARE stands first on the list of comedians, as *Old Kno'well* does of the characters in this play. The date of his performance seems more certain than the part, as in the title we find that it was "acted in ye yeere, 1598, by the then Lord Chamberlaine his servants."

"WILL SHAKE-SPEARE" occurs among the performers of JONSON'S "*Sejanus*"—"first acted in the yeere 1603, by the King's Majesties servants, with the allowance of the Master of the Revells." This name stands fifth on the list, and tallies to *Caligula*, who scarcely, if ever, opens his mouth during the play.

When was the first single edition of SHAKSPEARE'S "*Julius Cæsar*" printed? I have now before me "*Julius Cæsar*," a tragedy as it is now acted at the Theatre Royal. Written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. London. Printed by H. H. JUN. for HENRY HERRINGTON and R. BENTLEY, in *Russell Street, in Covent Garden*, and sold by JOSEPH KNIGHT and FRANCIS SAUNDERS, at the *Blew Anchor*, in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange* in the *Strand*," no date, (but about 1670. 4to. pp. 64.) I do not recollect any earlier 4to. edition than this.

Yours, &c.

Lambeth, 1822.

GLANVILLE.

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## PORTRAIT OF MRS EGERTON.

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Dipp'd in a thousand glowing dyes,  
My pencil now a Portrait tries,  
I fear beyond my art ;  
How shall I, EGERTON, dare trace,  
Thy varied skill, thy matchless grace,  
Which touches every heart ?

If in *Meg Merrilies* I seek  
To pourtray *all*, her sorrows speak  
For *Ellengowan's* heir ;  
I see such energies of mind,  
No touches of the heart I find  
Can fix a likeness there.



The heroine *Helen* should I try,  
 And on strong *light* and *shade* rely,  
     I am discourag'd still ;  
 Such character is there display'd,  
 Would make the brightest colouring fade,  
     And baffles TITIAN'S skill.

*Madge Wildfire* too, again forbear,  
 A GUIDO'S hand is needed there  
     To bid the canvass live ;  
 Such wild expression—so much soul  
 Breathes through, and animates the whole  
     As *I* despair to give.

Tho' "last not least," behold advance  
 The noble patriot Maid of France,  
     In whom *these* powers unite.  
*Meg's* gen'rous ardour, *Helen's* mien,  
*Madge Wildfire's* pathos, there are seen  
     To interest and delight.

I yield the task while thus I view  
 Genius that's still to Nature true,  
     Eliciting a spark  
 Of that bold, bright Promethean fire,  
 Which seems the actress to inspire  
     In conq'ring—*Joan of Arc* !

*Clerkenwell.*

T. G.

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## MRS. GARRICK.—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

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Mr. DRAMA,

From your natural disposition to be just, kind, and indulgent, I am buoyed up with hope that you will generously allow me, through your liberal pages, to correct a highly *erroneous* and *prejudicial report* which has got abroad to the above amiable mother of the *representative* of the English *Roscus*—DAVID GARRICK.

It is publicly reported, and as generally believed, that this lady has merely assumed the name of that celebrated man to answer her theatrical purposes. The truth is, Sir,

she is the *widow* of the late GEORGE GARRICK, Esq. formerly of Lincoln's Inn, and nephew of the celebrated actor, by whom she is the mother of a fine family, the eldest of which is eighteen years of age. Owing, however, to the embarrassments of her late learned husband, this amiable woman has been reduced from a state of affluence to exert her musical talents, which are of a superior order, for the support and education of her young family, which she does in a manner that proves her at once to be prudent, exemplary, and in the possession of all the finer affections of our nature. To conclude, the friends of her "*better days*" continue their kind and friendly communications with her and her family, well-knowing that her life has been blameless and useful. More I need not say, and less would be unworthy of a man who has been honoured with her acquaintance from childhood up to the present time ; through which period he has been witness of conduct which would at all times command the plaudits of a British public. If you think proper, use my name ; otherwise,

Yours, &c.

Queen-square, Oct. 3, 1822.

VERITAS.

## ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

### TO "THE DRAMA."

BEING NOTES FOR THE ÉDITOR AND HIS READERS.

### LEAF THE SECOND.

"*Dirce*," vol. i, page 94.]—"Demofonte"—the original of this opera, (which was stated in the bills to have been brought forward with a view of rendering serious recitative opera a popular species of amusement in England) was originally played at Vienna, in 1733, with music, composed by CALDARA. This was its first appearance on the English stage ; but it had been produced at the King's Theatre about fifty years ago, when MANSOLI made his *debut* in England, and by his fine singing rendered it popular. I am well persuaded, however, that it is a species of performance

which will never become permanently attractive at our theatres. It has, I think, often been tried; but has never retained possession of the stage except in a single instance. The first attempt of the kind was made by THOMAS CLAYTON, a very indifferent composer, who had visited Italy, and fancied that he was equal to the task of reforming our national taste in music. An opera, in recitative, composed by him, was produced at Drury Lane, in 1705, and from its novelty, became for a time very popular. In the "*Daily Courant*" of that period, it is styled "a new opera, after the Italian manner, all sung; being set to music, by Master CLAYTON; with dancing and singing, before and after, by Signora MARGARITA DEL'EPINE." It is also noticed by ADDISON, in No. 18, of the "*Spectator*," who was so ill-advised as to employ CLAYTON to compose his "*Rosamond*."

"*Henry IV.*" vol. i, p. 99.]—This play was produced by RICH, at this theatre, on the coronation of his late Majesty. While it was in preparation, a strong contest arose between Mrs. BELLAMY and Mrs. HAMILTON, the two great actresses of the day, as to which of them should personate the Queen. RICH terminated the dispute by assigning the part to Miss HALLAM, afterwards Mrs. MATTOCKS, whose countenance greatly resembled her Majesty's—but who, at that period, was almost perfectly unknown to the town. RICH died during the run of this piece. In a volume of *Miscellanies*, by one WIGNELL, a performer at Covent Garden, we find, written upon it the following

#### IMPROMPTU.

"Fancy and Taste have been employ'd  
By RICH in various ways;  
His sportive scenes our sires enjoy'd,  
And gave their warmest praise.  
In Triumphs(1) and in Funeral Rites,(2)  
All others he outshone;  
But here to add to our delights,  
He has *himself* outdone."

"*Don Juan*," vol. i, p. 378.]—"Don John; or, the Feast of the Statue," a comedy, in five acts, in prose, was first

(1) *Alexander's Entry.*

(2) *Juliet's Procession.*

acted in Paris, at the theatre of the Palais Royale, Feb. 15, 1665. It was not through choice that MOLIERE wrote on the subject of *Don Juan*. The Italians who borrowed it from the Spanish, had brought it upon their stage in France with vast success. A villain odious for his crimes and hypocrisy; the silly miracle of a moving and speaking statue; and the extravagant scene of hell, did not disgust the vulgar, who are always fond of wonders. In 1660, VILLERS, a comedian of the Hotel de Bourgogne, acted it in verse; and MOLIERE performed it in prose, 1665. His company who had set him upon this work, were sufficiently punished for their bad choice by the little success it met with; which might be occasioned, perhaps, either by the prejudice, (which then prevailed against comedies in five acts, written in prose) being stronger than the spirit of whim which had drawn the public in crowds to the Italians and to the Hotel de Bourgogne, or else by their being offended with some hazardous passages in it, which the author suppressed on the second representation. A company, (formed in 1637, out of that of MARAISE, and the Palais Royale, which were both dissolved) performed MOLIERE'S "*Feast of the Statue*" after T. CORNILLE had turned it into verse, at the Hotel de Guenegaud, in 1677, under which form it drew a prodigious number of spectators.

Mrs. INCHBALD, vol. i. p. 403.] The remains of this celebrated lady were deposited in the *new burying ground* attached to the parish church of Kensington, and not in the church as there stated: and there has been placed over the grave a large and substantial but plain grave stone, with the following inscription. Neither in the form of the stone, nor in the character of the letters is there the least ornament.

*Gloria in excelsis Deo !*

Sacred to the Memory of

ELIZABETH INCHBALD,

whose writings will be cherished while truth,  
simplicity, and feeling, command public admiration;  
and whose retired and exemplary life

closed as it existed,

in acts of charity and benevolence.

She died Aug. 21, 1821. Aged 68.

*Requiescat in Pace !*

The new burying ground is divided into compartments, which several divisions are numbered; and it may not be uninteresting to add, that at the end of Mrs. INCHBALD's grave, are the figures 142, and that it is next to the grave of GEORGE CHARLES CANNING, eldest son of the Right Hon. GEORGE CANNING, over which there is an elegant marble monument.

*Latin Spoones*, vol. i, 346, vol. ii, 324.]—This anecdote of SHAKSPEARE and JONSON is from the *Harleian MSS.* 6395, in the British Museum. It is a small octavo vol. fairly written, containing 606 curious stories, carefully numbered, with a few since added by another hand. A valuable index is subjoined, assigning in every instance, the person from whom the collector received the tale, but with a modesty by no means peculiar to anecdotists, (excepting perhaps the "*Brothers SHOLTO and REUBEN PERCY of the Benedictine Monastery of Mount Bengier*") he has omitted his name. The name at the end of the above anecdote of our bard is "*Mr. Dun.*" It is certainly a curious scrap, and as it is unnoticed by all his Biographers, although there is no higher authority for the anecdote than the MSS. yet still as a little addition to his history, I think it very valuable. (1)

The meaning of *Latin Spoones* inquired for by GLANVILLE, although little known in the greater part of England, is not quite obsolete. *Latin*, (or *latten*) is used in the stannaries of Cornwall for *tin*, and in this place will easily admit of the same signification: the double meaning of *translate* is sufficiently obvious.

*King's Visit*, vol. i, 42, &c.]—The visits of royalty to the theatre, are so unfrequent, that scarcely any thing attracts so strongly a crowd as the king going to the play-house. Then "all London seems in arms and eager for the squeeze." The following account of his late Majesty's first visit to the theatre after his first accession, may, I think, be appropriately offered to the readers of a Theatrical Magazine, while newspapers and all other periodical publica-

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(1) WINSTANLAY, the original biographer of SHAKSPEARE, mentions in his "*England's Worthies*," 1684: Artic. SHAKSPEARE, the intimacy between him and JONSON.

tions are eagerly collecting anecdotes of the late king's actions at every period of his life. I have extracted it from the "*London Chronicle*," Nov. 22, 25, 1760 :—

"His MAJESTY was attended in the stage-box of Drury Lane Theatre, on Friday night, Nov. 22, by his Grace the DUKE of DEVONSHIRE, Lord High Chamberlain, bearing his wand, and the EARL of BUTE. Her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of WALES, the DUKE of YORK, LADY AUGUSTA, and the rest of the Royal Family were seated in the opposite box to his Majesty. As soon as the King entered the play-house at the stage-door, the music shifted from the tune they were then playing to that of "*God save the King*." His MAJESTY entered the box, making a low reverence to the Royal Family, (who came some time before him) and then bowed to the audience who received him with loud acclamations of joy, clapping, huzzaing and bearing chorus with the music. The managers had on this occasion, erected very elegant new canopies over the seats of the Royal Family; that over his MAJESTY's was particularly superb—the wood work at top being highly carved, gilded, and painted; from whence hung in the Venetian taste a fine crimson velvet curtain, richly adorned with gold lace, fringe, and tassels. His MAJESTY was seated on a very curious new carved and gilt chair, covered with crimson velvet, with the royal arms and crown, with G. III. R. beautifully embroidered in gold at the back. The crowd was so great, that many were almost suffocated in the *subterraneous passages* leading to the pit. One lady, it is said, had her arm broken; several lost the skirts of their gowns, coats, &c. but we do not hear of any deaths, though it was strongly reported at one time among the crowd that two lives were lost. Many persons not being able to get back through the multitude, pushed forward under the Rose Tavern passage(1) to the boxes, and in the throng and hurry, many of them, we fear, paid nothing."

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(1) The Rose Tavern stood at the side of the front door of the theatre, in Brydges Street. In digging the foundation of the lately erected portico at D. L. T. the workmen discovered the remains of the walls of this ancient tavern, through which was formerly the entrance to the boxes.

*Dramatic Necrology*, 1821, p. 400.]—As an *Addenda* to this article, the death of Mrs. ALSOP may be noticed. The statement of the American newspapers I have never seen contradicted, I think we may therefore conclude the account to be a true one. I have extracted the report and comment from the "*British Stage*," for August, 1821.

" 'We are sorry to learn,' (says the '*Advocate*') 'that Mrs. ALSOP, the celebrated actress, died yesterday morning. Her death is attributed to taking too much laudanum by mistake. She had been sick for several days previous to this unfortunate occurrence.'

"No date is assigned to this event, and we presume it took place, (if it took place at all) about the end of May or the beginning of June. We hope, however, the announcement will prove incorrect. Mrs. A. landed at New York, in the Autumn of 1820, and was styled in the American papers—the grand-daughter of the late king of Great-Britain."

Page 408.]—I think instead of Mr. GUINN, we should read Mr. F. J. GUION.

"*Blue Beard*," vol. ii, p. 12.]—The silly romance of "*Blue Beard*," has been often dramatized. It was formerly *endured*, but it is now *enjoyed*; because as the world gets older, the human understanding becomes more enfeebled, and embraces those objects with delight which should only be satisfactory to children! "*Blue Beard*" was first dramatized at Paris, in 1746, when "*La Barbe bleue*" was thus announced "Pantomime représentée par la troupe des Comédiens Pantomimes, Foir St. Laurent." It was since dramatized at the late EARL of BARRYMORE'S theatre, at Wargrave, in Berks, in 1791, with every accompaniment that taste, science, and a noble mind could administer; after that the subject was produced at C. G. T. as a pantomime; and on Mr. KELLY'S return from Paris, he brought with him the present plot, which he consigned to the adoption of Mr. COLMAN, who gave it those touches of brilliancy which it now possesses; when it was enacted at the late Theatre Royal Drury Lane with the greatest *eclat*.

"*Gammer Gurton's Needle*," vol. ii. p. 62.]—The passage alluded to by GLANVILLE, as proving that music anciently entertained the audience between the acts, is this—

"Diccon into the towne, will I, my frendes to visit there,  
 "And hether straight again to see th' end of this gere :  
 "In the mean time, felowes pype upp your fiddles, I saie  
 take them,  
 "And let your freyndes here such myrthe as ye can mak  
 them."

Nov. 5, 1822.

G. CREED.

### SONNET TO MR. MACREADY, ON HIS PERFORMANCE OF "CORIOLANUS."

"This is the noblest Roman of them all ;"  
 And he shall wear the victor crown, and stand  
 Distinct amid the genius of the land,  
 And lift his head aloft while others fall.  
 He hath not bowed him to the vulgar call,  
 Nor bid his countenance shine obsequious, bland,  
 But let his dark eye keep its high command,  
 And gathered from "the few" his coronal.  
 Yet unassuming hath he won his way ;  
 And therefore fit to breathe the lines of him  
 Who gaily, once, beside the Avon river,  
 Shaped the great verse that lives, and shall live ever.  
 But HE now revels in eternal day,  
 Peerless amongst the earthborn cherubim.

SYBILLA.

### CHECK TICKETS.

MR. DRAMA,

I should be glad if some of your *learned* readers would  
 favour me with their opinion upon the following question,  
*viz.* whether a person who pays for admission to a theatre,  
 and leaves it during the time of performance, has not an  
 undoubted right to transfer to any one he may think fit, the  
 ticket he receives from the check taker, and whether should  
 the check taker, if he happen to discover the transfer, be  
 justified in refusing admission to the person to whom it has  
 been given ?—This is a point which has frequently been  
 argued, but never that I am aware satisfactorily determined.



In Edinburgh and Paris the practice is common, and its justice tacitly assented to by the managers; since upon presenting a *return check* you are instantly admitted without having any doubts or difficulties started: but in London the case is widely different; the check takers turn back without any ceremony any one who has not received his *check* in the regular way; and even the person who has actually been in the theatre stands in great danger of not being readmitted by these gentry, should he happen to remain so long out of the house, that they have forgotten his person or the period of his egress. At all events he is closely questioned and examined; a process somewhat galling I should think to the feelings of any one.—This inquiry is not made with the view of putting in practice this *transfer* should the right to do so be clearly established; but the insolent manner in which I have seen these “Jacks in office” exercise their “little petty authority” has induced me to inquire into the justice of their proceedings. When a man has paid 7s. for a “seat in the house,” it seems to be a very hard case that he may not send his proxy to occupy it during his absence; and the managers should be contented with being once *paid* for a place without wishing to *let* it to three or four different persons in the course of an evening.

I am, sir, &c.

C. G. C.—D.

## THE DRAMATIC SKETCHER.

### No. XII.

By J. W. DALBY.

### GARINO; OR, THE PATRIOT OF NAPLES.

SCENE—*A bed chamber.*

GARINO and his son FRANCISCO.

*Garino.* I feel that I am dying fast, Francisco!  
And 'tis no time to die when Naples asks  
The arm and heart of every son she has;—

But I have no strength now,—the feeble rays  
 Of yonder sinking sun dazzle these eyes  
 Grown dim with age and tears—tears for my country,  
 Long grovelling in the mire of slavery,  
 And only lately lifted up by minds  
 Superior and aspiring,—now to be  
 Cast down again from its commanding height  
 By tyrants and their slaves, who come in arms  
 Thousands on thousands, to appal the bold  
 And bind the free again ;—Almighty God !  
 If thine own work be dear to thee—blast those  
 With heaven's lightning, whose infernal arts  
 Would mar what thou hast made, and render life  
 A weary and intolerable load !  
 Would crush the feeble—chain the fearless soul  
 Which thou to man hast given !—I am faint—  
 Francisco, I am faint !—I would have said  
 A few words more—indeed, I have not said  
 What I at first intended,—but I'll rest

For I am weak my son.

*(Lies down on his couch.)*

*Francisco. (Walking to the front of the stage.)* To leave him thus—

Thus—thus abruptly in the hour of death,  
 Is maddening !—but my country's cause demands it !  
 The cause—the sacred cause of liberty—  
 Of liberty ! for whom her sons must leave  
 All else that they hold dear, for her the dearest,  
 Most precious good that man have or know—

*Garino. (Rising hastily from his couch.)* Hark ! heard'st thou not that shout ? It is the cry

Mighty, majestic, powerful ! of men  
 Resolv'd to battle for their rights, and die,  
 Or conquer and maintain them !—bring my sword,  
 Rusted with blood of foemen in past days,  
 And I will send thee forth to death, my son,  
 A willing and a virtuous sacrifice  
 Upon thy country's altar ! or if death  
 Await thee not, why then to victory,  
 To freedom, glory, happiness,—a name  
 Beloved in life, immortal after death,  
 On which thy country's blessings will be poured

When thou shalt be no more ! no more—as I  
Shall shortly be——

*Francisco. (Affectionately embracing his father.)* Oh,  
talk not thus, my father !

For thou shalt live to see what hearts and hands  
In freedom's cause united can achieve.

I'll bring thee back some trophies too shall yield

Joy to thine aged heart, and prove thy son

Worthy so great a sire, and proud to boast

A portion of thy spirit ! fearless, bold

To combat for the right !—I kneel, dear father !

Give me thy blessing.

*Garino. (Laying his hand upon Francisco's head.)* Li-  
berty and God !

Thy father's and thy country's fervent prayers

Attend upon and prosper thee, my son !

I bless thee ! and repeat the benediction

Which thou must ever bear in mind,—'tis God—

Tis God and Liberty !

*Francisco. Father, farewell !*

*(Garino overcome by the intensity of his feelings, sinks  
down, and Francisco goes out.)*

J. W. DALBY.

Brighton, Sep. 28, 1822.

## DRAMATIC EXCERPTA.

### No. I.

#### I.—ACTORS OFF THE STAGE.

In the last volume of his "Table Talk," Mr. Hazlitt discusses the question "whether actors ought to sit in the Boxes" with delightful ease and vivacity.—Mr. H. pronounces in the negative, because the presence of an actor in any other conspicuous place except the stage is wholly destructive of that fine illusion which constitutes the great charm of dramatic entertainment. "Actors," he says, "belong to the public: their persons are not their own

property. They exhibit themselves on the stage : that is enough, without displaying themselves in the boxes of the Theatre. I conceive that an actor, on account of the very circumstances of his profession, ought to keep himself as much *incognito* as possible. He plays a number of parts disguised, transformed into them 'by his so potent art,' and he should not disturb this borrowed impression by unmasking before company more than he can help. Let him go into the pit, if he pleases, to see—not into the first circle, to be seen. He is seen enough, without that ; he is the centre of an illusion, that he is bound to support, both, as it appears to me, by a certain self respect that should repel idle curiosity, and by a certain deference to the public in whom he has inspired certain prejudices which he is covenanted not to break. He represents the majesty of successive kings ; he takes the responsibility of heroes and lovers on himself ; the mantle of genius and nature falls on his shoulders ; we 'pile millions' of associations on him, under which he should be "buried quick," and not perk out an inauspicious face upon us, with a plain-cut coat, to say—"what fools you all were?—I am not *Hamlet* the Dane!"—After various illustrations of these observations, he concludes the paper with the following summary of the argument:—"What I would insist on, then, is this—that Mr. KEAN, or Mr. YOUNG, or Mr. MACREADY, or any of those that are 'cried out upon in the top of the compass' to intrude themselves voluntarily or ostentatiously on our notice, when they are *out of character* is a solecism in theatricals. For them to thrust themselves forward before the scenes is to drag us behind them against will, than which nothing can be more fatal to a true passion for the stage, and which is a privilege that should be kept sacred from impertinent curiosity. Oh ! while I live, let me not be admitted (under special favour) to an actor's dressing room. Let me not see how CATO painted, or how CÆSAR combed ! Let me not meet the prompt boys in the passage, nor see the half-lighted candles stuck against the bare walls, nor hear the creaking of machines, or the fiddlers ; nor see a Columbine practising a pirouette in sober sadness, nor Mr. GRIMALDI's face drop from mirth to sudden melancholy as he passes the side-scene, as if a shadow

crossed it, nor witness the long-chinned generation of the pantomime sit twirling their thumbs, nor overlook the fellow who holds the candle for the moon in the scene between *Lorenzo* and *Jessica*! Spare me this insight into secrets I am not bound to know. The stage is not a mistress that we are sworn to undress. Why should we look behind the glass of fashion?—Why should we prick the bubble that reflects the world, and turn it to a little soap and water? Trust a little to first appearance—leave something to fancy. I observe that the great puppets of the real stage, who themselves play a grand part, like to get into the boxes over the stage: where they see nothing from the proper point of view, but peep and pry into what is going on, like a magpie looking into a marrow-bone. This is just like them. So they look down upon human life, of which they are ignorant. They see the exits and the entrances of the players, something that they suspect is meant to be kept from them (for they think they are always liable to be imposed upon;) the petty pageant of an hour ends with each scene long before the catastrophe, and the tragedy of life is turned to farce under their eyes. These people laugh loud at a pantomime and are delighted with Clowns and Pantaloons. They pay no attention to any thing else. The stage boxes exist in contempt of the stage, and common sense. The private boxes, on the contrary, should be reserved as the receptacle for the officers of state and diplomatic characters, who wish to avoid, rather than court popular notice!"

## 2.—A NOVEL PROLOGUE.

We proceed to lay before the reader a Prologue, which, if spoken by a pretty actress, with a due sprinkling of nods and becks, and a judicious management of the pauses, would have an effect equally novel and triumphant. The reader is aware that a Prologue is generally made up of some observations on the Drama in general, followed by an appeal in favour of the new one, some compliments to the nation and a regular climax in honour of the persons appealed to. We scarcely need observe, that the rhymes should be read slowly, in order to give effect to the truly understood remarks in the intervals.

## PROLOGUE.

Age	Fashion	Applause
Stage	British Nation	Virtue's cause
Mind	—	Trust
Mankind		Just
Face	Young	Fear
Trace	Tongue	Here
Sigh	Bard	Stands
Tragedy	Reward	Hands
Scene	Hiss	True
Spleen	Miss	YOU.
Pit	Dare	
Wit	British Fair	

Here we have some respectable observations on the advantages of the Drama in every age, on the wideness of its survey, the different natures of tragedy and comedy, the vicissitudes of fashion, and the permanent greatness of the British empire. Then, the young bard, new to the dramatic art, is introduced. He disclaims any hope of reward for any merit of his own, except that which is founded on a proper sense of the delicacy and beauty of his fair auditors, and his zeal in the cause of virtue. To this, at all events, he is sure his critics will be just ; and though he cannot help feeling a certain timidity, standing where he does, yet, upon the whole, as becomes an Englishman, he is perfectly willing to abide by the decision of his countrymen's hands, hoping that he shall be found

— to sense, if not to genius, true,

And trusts his cause to virtue, and — to you.

*"The Liberal."*

## 3.—BRIEF CORRESPONDENCE.

While QUIN, the celebrated actor, was under an engagement with RICH, the then manager of Covent Garden Theatre, he took umbrage at what he considered to be the presumptuous behaviour of that gentleman, and suddenly retired to Bath. The parties remained mutually indignant, preserving an inflexible silence until the beginning of next season, when QUIN, whose generous heart began to upbraid him for having treated an old acquaintance so caval-

ierly, determined to sacrifice his resentment to his friendship, and according wrote the following laconic epistle:—"I am at Bath, QUIN." To which, RICH, who does not appear to have sufficiently appreciated either the delicacy or generosity of its contents, returned an answer in almost as laconic though by no means in so polite a strain:—"Stay there, and be damned—RICH." This ungracious treatment lost to the town an excellent actor, and to the manager a sincere friend, for he made a vow never again to engage with "so insolent a blockhead," and he kept his word.

#### 4.—SALARIES OF PUBLIC PERFORMERS.

It has been usual to raise a very unjust clamour against the enormous salaries of public singers, actors, and so on. This matter seems reducible to a *moral equation*. They are paid out of money raised by voluntary contributions in the strictest sense; and if they did not bring certain sums into the treasury, the managers would not engage them. The sums are exactly in proportion to the number of individuals to whom their performance gives an extraordinary degree of pleasure. The talents of a singer, actor, &c. are therefore worth just as much as they will fetch.

HAZLITT'S "Table Talk."

#### 5.—SEDITIONOUS INTERLUDE.

In the year 1527, a Christmas Interlude was performed at Gray's Inn, of which the argument was that *Lord Governance* was ruled by *Lady Dissipation* and *Lady Negligence*; by whose misrule *Lady Public Weale* was put from *Governance*, which caused *Rumor Populi* to rise *vi et armis* to expel *Negligence*, and restore *Lady Public Weale* to her castle. This piece was greatly applauded, but the author was seized by order of the government of Henry VIII.; which, of course, proved that the satirist was in the wrong!

YBLAD.

Nov. 11, 1822.

[This Paper will be resumed occasionally.]

## SONG,

ADDRESSED TO MISS FOOTE,

*On seeing her as Fair Star, in "Cherry and Fair Star."*

When sorrow oppresses

And freezes the heart,

Oh ! what can one feeling

Of rapture impart ?

When dangers surround us,

And friends prove unkind,

Oh ! whither poor mortals

A balm can ye find ?

Lo ! from the dark clouds that our happiness mar,

Bright bursting in beauty, appears—a *Fair Star*.

When round goes the goblet

And friend pledges friend—

And hearts long at variance,

In one feeling blend.

Can aught give that moment

A still higher zest,

And which the heart wanting,

Still trembles unblest ?

Oh ! yes, e'en *that* moment were lovelier far,With charms like thine blest too enchanting *Fair Star*.

Oh ! women's aye welcome,

For still she delights,

In beauty if failing—

With wit she requites.

But when thus possessing

Both beauty and mind,

Oh ! woman's a treasure,

No equal can find.

And be the heart banish'd, the banquet afar,

Whose goblet's unfill'd, and the pledge—a *Fair Star*.

G. J. DE WILDE.

Mary-le-bone, 1822.



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THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

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"Unwarped by fondness, and unswayed by spite,  
We'll judge with freedom and with boldness write."

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NEW DRURY LANE THEATRE.

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*Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

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Oct. 18th.—School for Scandal—Poor Soldier.

19.—Road to Ruin—Agreeable Surprise.

A Mrs. HUGHES, from the Exeter theatre, made her *debut* in the really difficult character of *Sophia*, in the comedy. Her figure is of the second size, well proportioned, her countenance animated and agreeable; her voice sweet and natural, and her whole demeanour simple, yet graceful. She played delightfully, and was received throughout with unmixed approbation. In the after-piece, we were agreeably surprised by her performance of *Cowslip*. It was marked with all the artless indescribable traits of nature and simplicity which are the very essence of the part. Her acting was excellent—her singing pleasing—and she looked and dressed the character charmingly.

21.—Pizarro—Giovanni in London.

22.—Road to Ruin—Paul and Virginia.

Mr. MUNDEN appeared for the first time this season, in the character of *Old Dornton*. On his entrance he was received with three rounds of enthusiastic applause, a just compliment to his talents, the value of which he appeared to feel deeply. The veteran was nearly overcome by this grateful acknowledgment of his long and meritorious services. Mrs. HUGHES appeared with increased success in *Sophia*; her performance was accompanied by well-deserved applause.

23.—Hamlet—Monsieur Tonson.

24.—Wild Oats—Agreeable Surprise.

25.—Pizarro—Giovanni in London.

26.—Suspicious Husband—Paul and Virginia.

Mrs. DAVISON was introduced in the comedy as *Clarissa*,

and was received with all the cordiality of an old favourite. *ELLISTON's Ranger* was full of "quips and cranks." It is a performance that bids old time defiance. A Mr. *MERCER*, from Liverpool, appeared for the first time, as *Bellamy*. It is not a character that demands more than a gentlemanly demeanour and correct denunciation, both of which this gentleman possesses.

28.—Pizarro—Giovanni in London.

29.—Road to Ruin—What Next ?

30.—Macbeth—Past Ten o'Clock.

31.—Wild Oats—VENETIAN NUPTIALS ; or, *The Guardian Outwitted*—[1st time]—Rendezvous.

It was with pleasure we saw on this evening the ballet restored to the distinguished place which it was wont to hold at this theatre, more particularly as it has re-commenced what promises to be a very brilliant career, under the auspicious superintendence of Mr. D'EGVILLE, who has exerted his ability with his usual success in the composition of this new divertissement. The scene, of course, is in Venice.

*Lorenzo*, a young nobleman, [NOBLE] is enamoured of *Rosina*, [Mrs. NOBLE] an heiress, and ward of *Rivaldo*. [WILLMOTT] who is endeavouring to change the title of guardian into that of husband. The scene opens with the landing of *Lorenzo* and his favourite, *Pedrillo*, [OSCAR BYRNE] from a gondola, close to the house of *Rivaldo*. They are discovered by his servant *Antonio*, who gives an alarm. *Rivaldo* and *Antonio* leave the house in pursuit, and *Lorenzo*, with his confidant, taking advantage of the opportunity, makes his way to the apartments of *Rosina*. *Zerbina*, [Mrs. OSCAR BYRNE] her attendant, makes a conquest of the light-hearted *Pedrillo*. They are soon alarmed by the arrival of the guardian, and the lovers take refuge behind a screen. They are thrown into still greater alarm by the appearance of a notary, who had been sent for by *Rivaldo*, and who brings with him a document, drawn up in the necessary form, preparatory to the marriage of *Rosina* with her guardian. The lovers contrive to substitute a paper of a very different purport, to which *Rivaldo* signs his name, and this unwittingly contributes to the happiness of *Lorenzo*, in unison with his fair *Rosina*.

Such is the outline which is filled up in a very fanciful

manner. Few will be found willing, and none able to draw any comparison between the artists who appeared in this ballet, and those of France or Italy, to the disadvantage of the former. They all experienced a most flattering reception. Mr. and Mrs. O. BYRNE were greeted with the warmth of distinguished favourites. The former never appeared in more complete enjoyment of his powers. There was a loud burst of applause when he first soared, as it were, with a "foot of fire" above those whose clay cold spirit confined their movements to this narrow sphere. He displayed astonishing activity and precision. His movements were full of life and energy, yet polished and defined. In the dancing of the latter there was the same "grace in all her steps"—the same airy lightness of movement and neatness of execution which have long since established her claim to the first honours of her profession. Mr. and Mrs. NOBLE, (the latter of whom attained so enviable a degree of celebrity when Miss LUPPINO) were also honoured with frequent applause. Mrs. N.'s dancing was extremely graceful, she seemed to aim at the production of a pleasing more than of a striking effect, and her efforts were crowned with success. Mr. N. evinced a great deal of spirit, and proved himself no unworthy member of so distinguished a corps. The combined movements were very elegantly and skilfully performed, and the whole ballet went off with excellent effect. The lesser attractions, the scenery, &c. are capitally good.—The distant view of the Adriatic, and the appearance of the houses of the guardian and the notary, surrounded with gardens, in which the flowers are in their first bloom and freshness, are well imagined, and executed with a corresponding vigour. The motion of the illuminated gondolas on the water had a novel and pleasing effect.

Nov. 1st.—School for Scandal—Ibid—Ibid.

2.—Suspicious Husband—Ibid—Love in Humble Life.

4.—Macbeth—Giovanni in London.

5.—Wild Oats—Venetian Nuptials—Rendezvous.

6.—Pizarro—The Two GALLEY SLAVES—[1st time.]

This is an importation from our Gallic neighbours, and was got up in great haste in order to be brought forward on the same evening as that at Covent Garden Theatre. The outline of the plot is briefly this:—

Young *Delville*, [COOPER] is second cashier in the banking house of his uncle at Paris; his elder brother, who is the chief cashier, to indulge his passion for play, embezzles a large sum of money; but suspicion falling on the younger brother, he is taken up, tried, convicted upon strong apparent proof of guilt, and sentenced to the galleys, being first branded on the shoulder with the letters C. F. signifying convicted felon. Unwilling to stigmatize his brother, he keeps silence, and bears the punishment with patience. From the galleys he makes his escape with another slave, from whom, however, he soon separates, and conceals himself from the researches of the police in the neighbourhood of Auvergne, where, under the assumed name of *Francois*, he gains the affections of *Clara*, [Mrs. W. WEST] a rich young widow, and the commencement of the piece is the day appointed for the wedding. Young *Delville* has studiously guarded the secret of his adventures from his bride and her relations; but in the midst of the festivities consequent on the marriage, it is in danger of being disclosed by the sudden appearance of the *Galley Slave*, [TERRY] who had escaped in company with *Delville*, and who now being chased by the police, takes shelter in the house of *Clara*, where he immediately recognizes the pretended *Francois*, and is only prevailed on not to betray him by a large sum of money which he receives, but afterwards giving way to the native villainy of his character, he breaks open a casket in the chamber where he had been concealed, and is about to escape with his plunder, but is discovered by *Blaize*, [KNIGHT] the servant of *Clara*, who gives the alarm to the guests assembled to celebrate the wedding. *Delville* meets him alone shortly after, and offers to facilitate his escape on his restoring what he had stolen, but he refuses to part with his plunder. *Delville*, enraged, attacks him with a sword, but the ruffian draws a pistol, which he fires, wounds *Delville* in the shoulder, and escapes. *Delville* having fainted from the loss of blood, on opening his coat the ignominious mark of the galleys is discovered on his shoulder, and the second act then closes. In the third act the *denouement* is brought about by the means of the uncle of *Delville*, who arrives just as the villainous galley slave, again in the toils of the police, is denouncing *Del-*

ville as a convicted felon. The uncle discovers him to be the wretch whose perjury procured the sentence against *Delville*, but his innocence having been subsequently made apparent, his sentence has been reversed, and he is restored to his station in society; whilst the villain who had been so active in endeavouring his ruin is delivered over to the strong arm of the law.

Out of these materials the author has contrived to construct a most interesting piece, which was received throughout with high approbation. Indeed the exertions of that delightful actress, Mrs. WEST, as *Clara*—TERRY, as the *Galley Slave*—and COOPER, as *Delville*, in the serious parts of the piece, lightened by the comic humour of Mr. HARLEY, as *Maximilian Macaroon*, the village postmaster, and Mr. KNIGHT, as *Blaise*, would have insured success to a much inferior production. Some delightful dancing, by the NOBLE's and BYRNE's was introduced into the second act. The Scenery was pretty, and the piece was given out for second representation without a dissentient voice.

7.—Wild Oats—Ibid.

8.—Road to Ruin—Ibid.

9.—School for Scandal—Ibid.

11.—Richard III—Ibid.

Mr. KEAN made his first appearance this season, as *Richard*. His performance was marked with all the energy which has ever characterised it, and the applause which followed, was of course, immense.

12.—Provoked Husband—Giovanni in London.

13.—Pizarro—Two Galley Slaves.

14.—Wild Oats—Venetian Nuptials—Is He Jealous?

15.—Othello—Two Galley Slaves.

A Mr. YOUNGE of the Liverpool theatre, made his first appearance on London boards, as *Iago*. He appeared to have well conceived the character, and performed it with much judgment. He enacted it with less outward appearance of the villain than has generally been given to it, and was, in many instances, deservedly and loudly applauded. KEAN's *Othello* was a *chef d'œuvre*. TERRY's *Cassio* was sensibly played, but it is somewhat out of his line. Mrs. WEST's performance of the gentle *Desdemona*, was truly captivating, and deserving of the highest commendations

Her address commencing "*My noble father*," was given with an affecting tone of reverential awe, which at the same time conveyed most beautifully the duty she owed her husband. Her solicitation to *Othello*, for *Cassio's* restoration, and the vacant gaze and burst of grief after the Moor had accused her of infidelity, were delightful.

16.—New Way to Pay Old Debts—Ibid.

18.—King Richard III—Giovanni in London.

19.—Provoked Husband—Paul and Virginia.

20.—Othello—Two Galley Slaves.

### COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

#### *Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

Oct. 22nd.—Wonder—Ali Pacha.

Ali Pacha we understand, is the production of Mr. HOWARD PAYNE. Some alterations were made by Mr. PLANCHE for the furtherance of stage effect, which Mr. PAYNE had not time to accomplish.

23.—Two Pages of Frederick the Great—Beggars' Opera—Ibid.

24.—Douglas—Poor Soldier—Ibid.

Mrs. W. CLIFFORD who appeared on the Haymarket stage at the commencement of last season, (vide p. 75) sustained the character of *Lady Randolph*. This lady possesses considerable *tact*, and is skilful in managing and availing herself of all those "appliances" which conduce to stage effect. She also evinces capabilities of no ordinary stamp in exciting the feelings of the audience, which were not suffered only "to emit an hasty spark, and straight grow cold again," but accompanied the noble mourner to the last scene of her desolation. A young gentleman, named MASON, (nephew of C. KEMBLE) made his first appearance as *Norval*, but apparently his timidity overcame his better judgment, and we can scarcely therefore give an unbiassed opinion of his powers. He was most successful in what may be termed the dramatic part, as in the interview with *Glenalvon*, there he played with much effect, and the fiery blood mantled in his cheek as if he possessed a congenial

spirit with the *Douglas* so proud of noble birth and warlike fame. We must however, observe, that the whole performance was one of great promise, and any "trivial fault" may, we think, be fairly ascribed to inexperience. He was received with considerable approbation, and the youthful and interesting appearance of "the shepherd *Norval*," which accorded so well with the author's poetical fancy, contributed in some degree, perhaps, to his favourable reception. Mr. KEELEY, of Sadler's Wells, made his first appearance in the farce, as *Darby*. He possesses a small quantity of dry humour, which he endeavoured to display as often as possible, and which afforded some merriment, but we can hardly fancy him good enough for this stage. His reception was cordial.

26.—*Douglas*—Poor Soldier—Ibid.

28.—*Beggar's Opera*—IRISH TUTOR; or, *New Lights*—[1st time.]—Ibid.

This little piece met with the same favourable reception as it experienced at Cheltenham. It is a translation from the French, is an agreeable trifle, and was exceedingly well acted. As we have already given the plot, (vide p. 203) our remarks, at present, will be confined to the actors. *The Irish Tutor*, [CONNOR] has almost a monopoly of the piece. He displayed a great deal of chastened comic humour, and was deservedly applauded. The manner, more than the matter, in which he answered *Doctor Flail* relatively to the different systems of education, was extremely laughable: indeed he was the "head and front" of the brief abstract, and supported his prominent station with spirit and success. Mr. BLANCHARD, as *Doctor Flail*, had very little room for the display of his talent. Miss SCOTT, as *Rosa*, looked the young love-sick girl extremely well, and Miss LOVE was almost too delicate for even a sentimental housemaid.—This entertaining little piece was received throughout with laughter and applause, and will always serve as a pleasing relief to the "pomp and circumstance" of a tragic representation. The piece is the production of the EARL of GLENGALL.

30.—*Clandestine Marriage*—Ibid—Ali Pacha.

31.—*Jealous Wife*—Ibid—Ibid.

Nov. 1st.—*Way to Keep Him*—Ibid—Ibid.

- 2.—Clandestine Marriage—Poor Soldier.
- 4.—Isabella—Cherry and Fair Star.
- 5.—Wonder—Irish Tutor—Ali Pacha.
- 6.—Soldier's Daughter—The Two GALLEY SLAVES ; or, *The Mill of St. Aldervon*—[1st time.]

This piece is from the same original as that we have already mentioned, and the plot and characters are exactly similar. The acknowledged abilities of Mr. T. P. COOKE imparted an intense degree of interest to the character of *Henry*. Mrs. CHATTERLEY, as *Louisa*, was very interesting—her appeal to Major DE LISLE against the intention which she imagines he entertains of delivering *Henry* up to punishment, was pathetic and impressive. FARLEY'S excellence in melo-drama, is well known—his *Unknown Fugitive* was given with reckless effrontery and daring boldness. FAWCETT, as *Bonhomme*, brother to *Louisa*, expressed the blunt sincerity of a heart warm with sincerity and fidelity. The Scenery was beautiful, and the marriage festival afforded an opportunity for the introduction of some joyous groupés of children, whose dancing well accorded with the idea of a rural entertainment. The piece was well received.

7.—Rivals—Ibid.

8.—Isabella—Irish Tutor—Ibid.

9.—Stranger—Ibid—Ibid.

11.—Jane Shore—Ibid—Ibid.

A young lady, named JONES, made her first appearance in the repulsive character of *Alicia*. Her stature is above the middle size, and her countenance pleasing, both from the regularity and expression of the features. Her voice is deep and clear, and with this advantage her delivery of some passages proved she possessed both taste and feeling. She was peculiarly happy in some of her earlier scenes with the "gentle *Shore*." Her reception was favourable, and we think her talent may be made useful to the establishment. Miss LACY played *Jane Shore*, and it afforded another opportunity for the developement of those powers, which, in the first instance, served to stamp her reputation as an actress. The general character of her performance of the guilty but repentant wife, (repentant it is true, when too late,) was the expression of that deep melancholy which the loss of peace of mind "without which there is no peace,"



mingled perhaps with a sorrowful recollection of faded splendour and a monarch's love was calculated in her situation peculiarly to excite. In the scene with *Glo'ster*, (the only one where it is admissible) she displayed a becoming animation—and her dying scene evinced an observance both of art and nature which rendered it painfully affecting.

12.—Don John—Two Galley Slaves.

13.—Othello—No Song No Supper.

Mr. MACREADY made his first appearance this season, as *Othello*. He was received with enthusiastic applause by a scanty but genteel audience. We know not whether the thin state of the house had the effect of depressing his feelings, and preventing that powerful display of mind which has on other occasions distinguished his *Othello*, but be the cause what it might, the performance was languid, particularly the two first acts. He made some good points in the scene with *Iago*, where the villain confirms the suspicion which he had at first artfully insinuated. The succeeding interview with *Desdemona* was acted with much force. YATES was a tolerably good *Iago*—C. KEMBLE imitable as *Cassio*, and Miss FOOTE tender, gentle and affecting. Her performance was truly pleasing.

14.—Romeo and Juliet—Two Galley Slaves.

It has rarely occurred in theatrical annals to record such brilliant success as attended the first appearance of Miss F. H. KELLY in the tragedy. This young lady was a great favourite with the Dublin audience, who, (as it has been observed, that the valour and exploits of the warrior would soon be forgotten, or perhaps their fame never circulated if the poet did not render them immortal) may justly take credit to themselves for having recognized as they deserved, those talents and accomplishments which promise to shine with extraordinary lustre. Her figure is of the middle size, and possessed of all the attractions with which youth and gracefulness invest the form. Her voice is peculiarly sweet, flexible, and powerful—and her intonation of the purest kind. Her features are regular, and their expression suited extremely well with the character of the gentle *Juliet*. The balcony scene, the first in which her abilities were put to the proof, at once relieved the anxiety of her

friends if any could have been entertained, and assured the audience they would have no occasion for the exercise of their "usual indulgence." Her manner now playful, now earnest, fond, and yet not devoid of anxiety—and the tones of her voice which finely corresponded with the emotions of a true and passionate love, were delightfully varied and expressive. The news of *Romeo's* banishment, dreadful indeed to one subdued by a tender and devoted attachment, served to display a correct and ardent conception, successfully aided by physical powers, which, considering her youth and sex, are uncommonly great. The soliloquy, after receiving the "medicinal" drug from the *Friar*, (a still more arduous trial of intellectual spirit) was given with great force. It was highly wrought, yet never deviated into an extreme. The intrusive fear lest it might be a deadly poison, and the shuddering horror with which it is natural that one full of youthful beauty and healthful spirit should contemplate even a momentary consignment to a dreary tomb, gave this scene a melancholy and fearful effect. In the "last sad act," the eager embracing of her much loved lord, which met no sweet return, and the short struggle for mastery between life and death, after she had stabbed herself, called forth plaudits, both "long and deep" and of long continuance. These were no more than she deserved—they were not the verdict of a packed jury, but the spontaneous effusions of those who admired the wonderful efforts of youthful genius, and who would think it "poor indeed" to withhold the tribute which was due. C. KEMBLE's *Romeo* is too well known to require mention. The tragedy was announced for repetition amidst loud cheering.

15.—Way to Keep Him—Irish Tutor—Ibid.

16.—Stranger—Two Galley Slaves.

18.—Romeo and Juliet—Cherry and Fair Star.

The appearance of the house this evening, and the repeated bursts of applause which set a distinguishing mark on those scenes in which she chiefly excelled, proved the rapidity with which Miss KELLY has won both the "hearts and voices" of the public by her admirable personation of a character over which her youth, and her vivid but delicate imagination shed a pure but brilliant lustre. There was

some little alteration in the minute detail of the performance, but the grand and striking features of the character were developed in the same beautiful style of their original conception, any deviation from which indeed could scarcely be an improvement. The scenes on which we dwell with the greatest pleasure, as affording the most decisive proofs of genius of feeling, and (in a colder sense) of judgment, were that at the balcony, where she makes known her love; the next, when she receives the news of *Romeo's* banishment; and lastly, that where "*to preserve herself a pure and spotless wife to her true love,*" she swallows the draught prepared by the *Friar*. The first of these was highly wrought; the hesitating apprehensiveness with which she speaks of the fond passion which possessed her bosom, her dread "*lest he sho'd think her 'haviour light,*" and the fluttering eagerness with which she "*sipp'd the honey of his words*" all combined, left so delightful an impression, that 'twas a pity it should have been disturbed by the rude plaudits which echoed through the house. The grand source of interest in *Juliet's* character is the devoted love which fills her soul for *Romeo* (to use her own emphatic language) "*the god of her idolatry.*" This heartfelt passion, the very spring of her life, is expressed with so much truth, and so strikingly pervades every passion of her sad career, (for "*the course of true love never yet ran smooth*") that Miss KELLY's performance must continue to enchant and be admired, till some "new light" introduce another system of thought and feeling.

A nobleman has, it is said, presented an elegant and superbly bound copy of JOHNSON and STEVENS's *Shakespeare*, to Miss KELLY, in testimony of his admiration of the genius she has displayed in embodying this most difficult and beautiful conception of the bard. It is related that she was encouraged to pursue the study of the dramatic art, by TALMA. Four years since in Paris, where she had been sent to complete her education, she rehearsed several scenes of SHAKESPEARE before the French ROSCIUS, who expressed his estimation of her talents in the most flattering terms and confidently prophecied her future celebrity. There is scarcely an instance on record in theatrical annals of so successful a *debut* at so tender an age. At her first

performance it is said she was not 14, and at present she is only 17. (1)

We also take this opportunity of stating that two or three years back when Miss KELLY was performing for a short time at the Brighton Theatre, Mr. SHIEL accidentally saw her, and was so struck by the great talent which she then displayed, that on his suggestion, Mr. HARRIS immediately engaged her for the Dublin stage. Mr. SHIEL likewise prevailed on his friend Mr. MACREADY to give Miss K. some instructions before she proceeded to Ireland, and is said to have done every thing in his power to develop her genius during her engagement in the sister country.

Since her truly successful appearance at C. G. T., the pens of several of our best poets have not been unemployed—the two following have appeared from the brilliant and powerful pen of BARRY CORNWALL—the other from the no less elegant one of HARRY STOE VAN DYK, the successful author of the Theatrical Portraits.

(1) The following appeared in a daily paper the morning succeeding her performance.

#### THE REMONSTRANCE.

To Miss F. H. KELLY, as *Juliet*.

Fair *Capulet*, the Public say,  
And none so good a judge as they—  
For all the sensibility  
That dwells within that gentle eye;  
For all thy soul-entrancing tone—  
Sad as the parted ring-dove's moan.  
Spite of thy mind illumin'd feature,  
Thou art a very cruel creature.  
For 'tis a barbarous thing they say,  
To cheat and cozen at a *play*;  
And all too plainly it appears,  
That thou not only stol'st their tears,  
But by thy wiles and witching arts,  
Hast also robb'd them of their hearts;  
And hence most justly they complain,  
They cannot get their hearts again.

## LINES,

*Written after seeing Miss F. H. KELLY, as Juliet, by*  
BARRY CORNWALL.

Oh ! Lovers of Verona, fair and young,  
Are ye *indeed* returned ?—What spell sublime—  
What effort, like the backward glance of time,  
Hath borne thee hither,—passionate still, and hung  
Round with enchantment, like the days of yore,  
When joy was one large dream, and life no more.  
Hail ! ever and for ever, lovers dear,  
Gentle magicians, whom the starting tear  
Obeys,—as water felt the prophets' rod,  
And music haunted where Apollo trod :—  
First thou,—fine amorist, whose deep *talk* betrays,  
The better wisdom of life's earlier days,—  
Stamped like the breathing marbles, with an air  
Which sculptors toil to win, and still despair :—  
And thou—oh ! earth, if still there lies

Quiet in thy shadowy breast,  
Another such, (or in the skies)

Gently let her rest.

For with perils armed she comes,  
Though no cymbals sound nor drums,  
Yet, with love about her spread,  
And by music heralded—

(Tones that *sting* the heart, and eyes  
Wandering like the stars along,  
Passion-bright)—and oh ! such sighs,

Burthen'd with the soul of song !

How white and like the cygnet sailing  
She comes, o'er every breath prevailing,  
As Dian glances on the waves, until  
All is dumb and still :

And, as the echoes of the night  
Are startled by the rich delight

Of some sweet bird which shouts from out its sleep,

So thousands on her charmed voice

Hang, and when she smiles rejoice,

And when she weeps they weep.

—Oh ! Pity in what gentle hour

Was this, thy lady, born ?

O Love, thy vestal's eyes have power

Beyond the lights of morn ;

Dreams she that *all* the sighs she hears

Are uttered from the Italian's tears ?

Ah ! say that some are breathed for her,

Thine own immaculate Minister.

## LINES

*Written after seeing Miss KELLY, as Juliet.*

BY HARRY STOE VAN DYK.

“ I warrant an I should live a thousand years

I never should forget it.” SHAKSPEARE.

I mark'd her step, and I thought of a fawn,  
That sports in the forest at early dawn,  
When the sun rays fall on the foliage dark,  
And the streams are awakened from sleep by the lark.

I gaz'd on her cheek, which a maiden flush,  
(Too deep to be pale, yet too faint for a blush)  
Stole lightly along, and I thought of the hue  
Of a lily's fair leaves, with the sun shining through.

I heard her voice, and at every word  
I thought of the plaintive and dulcet toned bird,  
Who welcomes the moon, and who sings her to rest,  
With a song of pure love on Endymion's breast.

I marked her tremulous hope and fear,  
At the masquerade, when her lover drew near ;  
And the downcast glance, and the smile of bliss,  
When her hand received the “ *Palmer's* kiss ;”  
And it seem'd so yielding, and ah ! so white,  
That I envied the *Palmer* his brief delight.

I saw her too when the pale moon kept  
Her watch in the heav'ns whilst nature slept ;

When the tone which she gave to her *Romeo's* name  
To the heart on wings of the night-breeze came——  
So "silver-sweet" that each bosom around  
Felt love was embodied and liv'd in the sound.

I mark'd her well, when with fond caress,  
And with open-hearted gentleness,  
And eloquent smile (that best of charms !)  
She crept in her petulant *Nurse's* arms.

The scene was chang'd when I look'd again,  
Her *Romeo* banished, and *Tybalt* slain ;  
And sorrow seem'd dimly, and coldly, to dwell,  
In the face which a smile had oft lighted so well.  
The potion was rais'd to her lips, and she sank  
On her couch, like a pale wither'd flower on its bank !  
And at length, when aroused from the dreary tomb,  
With eyes of new lustre, and tears of fresh bloom,  
She fell in despair where her *Romeo* lay,  
And breath'd on his corse her lone spirit away.

I have seen,—I have heard her, and cannot forget,  
That form and those accents are haunting me yet ;  
And my heart will acknowledge, until it shall fail  
To find grandeur in mountains and peace in the vale,  
And beauty in ocean, and light in the sun,  
That the *Juliet* of KELLY, and SHAKSPEARE are one.

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*The following Lines have been sent to us from a  
Correspondent.*

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*On Miss KELLY's Juliet.*

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Who is the nymph with winning air,  
And features so divinely fair—  
An angel's form, Minerva's mind,  
A taste unerring and refined—  
Of manners mild, and modest mien,  
The *first* that treads the tragic scene—  
With eyes so eloquent and bright,  
Souls find Elysium in their light ?

The temper'd lustre of those eyes—  
 Like fair Italia's summer skies,  
 Soft, bright, and blue—hath witching beams  
 To prompt a poet's fondest dreams!

Who is the maid, of pow'r to move  
 The soul to tears, or mould to love—  
 Whose imitative woes impart  
 A real pang to ev'ry heart;  
 Or who, when joy her grief beguiles,  
 Smiles—and excites our answering smiles?

In gentle mood, or passion wild,  
 Still NATURE's true and lovely child—  
 Her artless *Juliet*, frank and fond,  
*My feeble praise* so far beyond—  
 In ev'ry breast can rapture raise,  
 And win her *Universal praise*!

Oh! there is in her utterance  
 A spell of pathos to entrance;  
 And in her soft expressive looks  
 We gaze on NATURE's brightest books,  
 Wherein without the aid of heart,  
 We learn their lessons all *by heart*;  
 For well can she each heart control,  
 And in a stoic wake a soul!

Herself all feeling, we must feel  
 Whate'er her eyes and voice reveal;  
 That voice—whose thrilling tones can charm  
 E'en stern DESPAIR and GUILT disarm—  
 Breathes music in each accent sweet,  
 The echoes languish to repeat,  
 And, ling'ring on her lips soft bloom,  
 Blends with their balmy rich perfume,  
 Where HARMONY itself reposes,  
 Like Philomel embower'd in roses!

Who is the nymph?—Go ask of FAME,  
 She points to—gentle KELLY's name.

Nov. 22, 1822.

T—.

19.—Don John—Irish Tutor—Two Galley Slaves.

20.—Romeo and Juliet—Ali Pacha.



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MINOR DRAMA.

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SURREY THEATRE.

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Nov. 25th.—The SEA DEVIL ! or, *The False Beacon*.—Of the story of this melo-drame, which is from the pen of Mr. MORETON, the following is a slight sketch.

*Arnolf*, is the chief of a band of marauders, whose wild and reckless deeds have acquired for him the appalling appellation of the *Sea Devil*. His mind appears to be of the same description as those generally possessed by heroes of this order, and though not so intellectual or dignified as the *Corsair* of the illustrious BYRON, he has the same thirst for danger—the same disregard of death. There is another point of similarity ; the *Conrade* of this Drama possesses or rather seeks a *Medora* in the person of a kind-hearted and beautiful girl, called *Rosa*, the daughter of *Ambrose*, a distressed fisherman, whose destitute situation exposes him to various temptations. After a deal of suffering of the most dreadful kind, unable to see his beloved child perish for want of food, he determines to join the marauders under *Arnolf*, and communicates to *Rosa* his fearful resolution. *Rosa* dissuades him with warm and earnest feeling, and powerfully represents the risks and horrors of the situation into which he is about to plunge himself. She fails, and he proceeds to join the banditti, thus exposing the child he loves to the machinations of the detested *Arnolf*. The latter, whose object is much forwarded by the absence of *Ambrose*, obtains admission into the fisherman's cottage, disguised in the habiliments of a benevolent Jew (*Shadrack*) who had a few moments before parted with *Rosa*, and on his journey homewards had been stripped of his clothes and his box and valuables, by a dependant of *Arnolf*. After some conversation the imposture is discovered by his intended victim, and at the most critical moment, his evil intentions are frustrated by the interference of *Ambrose*, a neighbouring farmer, and *Henry*, a youth, who has been shipwrecked on the coast of Cornwall, and who, *we are told in the bills*, is in love with *Rosa*, but how he came so, and other matters connected therewith, we are left to con-

jecture. A combat of a curious nature commences, which of course ends in the discomfiture of *Arnolf*. In the mean time, poor *Ambrose* has become quite dissatisfied with his new companions, and a good deal of the interest of the piece centers in his endeavours to escape ; in which he eventually succeeds. Our space and leisure will not permit us to enter into any further detail of the ensuing captures and escapes, and we will conclude this brief account by stating that the destruction of the *SEA DEVIL* is finally effected, when in his own strong hold, he is on the point of being legally united to *Rosa*, (for this fiend is conscientious, and wishes his connection with the wretched girl to be hallowed by the priest) by the discriminating broadside of an English man of war, which sweeps off only *Arnolf* and his adherents, though many of the persecuted and innocent personages of the Drama appear to stand but an indifferent chance of escaping from its terrors.

Mr. H. KEMBLE, as the hero of this piece, exhibited his usual ability, and certainly answered our *beau-ideal* of a ferocious plunderer. His conferences with his gang were managed with spirit, as were all his interviews with *Rosa*, and his acting while disguised as the *Jew*, *Shadrack*, merits the highest praise. He dressed the character remarkably well ; and in eye, mien, and voice, was the very being that the imagination of the author had embodied. Mr. BENGOUGH personated the kind-hearted *Jew* in so excellent a manner, that we had only to lament that the character was not more worthy of the talent he exhibited. He could not have been fairly blamed had he done less with the scanty materials on which he had to work—he deserves the author's thanks for having done so much. *Maurice*, the farmer, was rendered rather amusing in the hands of Mr. LAWRENCE, and his son *Robin*, Mr. J. KNIGHT, particularly delighted us. The poor fisherman, *Ambrose*, found an efficient representative in Mr. JARVIS ; and Mr. BLANCHARD, in the part of *Henry*, certainly contributed to procure for this piece the distinguished success with which it was crowned. Mrs. POPE, as *Rosa*, was honoured with much applause, and certainly performed her part with energy ; but we think she is less calculated for such characters as the one now under consideration than for the loftier and more imposing dam-

sels of romance. Mrs. MEYER, as *Maurice's* wife, was respectable; and Mrs. DAVIDGE's *Winifred*, was a pleasant and unaffected performance. The duties of the *Horde* were well sustained by Messrs. AULD, GALE, LLOYD, and BRUNTON.

We have now to speak of that to which it will be difficult for any powers of eulogy which we possess to do adequate justice: we allude to the entire *getting-up* of this piece, and more particularly to its truly splendid and correct scenery. The latter does particular credit to the united talents of Messrs. TOMKINS, KIRBY, and PITT. In the first act, the retreat of the *Sea Devil* among the *Rocks on the Cornwall Coast—The Lands End, Cornwall*, (from a view taken on the spot) and *A tremendous Sea Storm* elicited the most flattering testimonials of approval—tributes at once to their beauty and their truth. In Act II, an extensive view on the coast of Cornwall, by moon-light, and in the last act, a view of a town on the same coast, rank among the finest specimens of the art that we have ever seen. Were it destitute of any other merit, the scenery of the "*Sea Devil*" alone would prove an irresistible attraction.

## COUNTRY THEATRICALS.

### PENZANCE THEATRE.

MR. DRAMA,

This being the nearest to the Lands End it ought to be enrolled in your list; I therefore beg to inform your readers that it opened on the 16th of last month:—this delightful place, being then a scene of gaiety, as well as the "Garden of Cornwall." Young DAWSON the Manager, is a favourite here in the comic department, and will find it worth his while to pay us a visit now and then; they have performed with tolerable success, "*Meg Murnoch*" from "*Guy Mannering*,"—"Warlock of the Glen"—"*Lady and the Devil*"—"Maid and Magpie"—"*She Stoops to Conquer*"—"Raising the Wind," and that slang medley of "*Tom and Jerry*;" and "to crown the whole"—they bungled most

wretchedly "*Venice Preserved*:"—this "butchery" took place on the 30th of September. *Jaffier* by Mr. DYER,—had he took his *name* for a *trade*, and followed it, or even *any* other, he must have succeeded *better* than in his present occupation, for which I pronounce him totally unfit:—added to a thick, clumsy figure, and a huge head and face, he has a head of hair so prolific, that it would in one cutting, serve to make wigs for all the company:—this fellow "has no feeling of his business:"—in tragedy he is miserable;—in comedy even worse than that—as I shall have to shew further on. Mr. WILTON took *Pierre*; he is about KEAN's height, and being endowed with a hoarse voice, he attempts imitations of that gentleman's manner of speaking; but is as far different as it is possible to be. *Priule* by Mr. ROGERS, a boy with a round muffin face, who generally plays old men, a sort of squeaking voice between that of a child and an old apple woman. *Bedamar* by old DAWSON was respectable, as all his performances are, he often puts me in mind of DOWTON. *Renault* by Mr. SAUNDERS, was played in his usual footman-like stile:—I think this young man must have been waiter to an inn, for his motions are always as though he had the bells ringing in his ears—with "coming—coming." Young DAWSON, played as well as his comic abilities would allow him. *Belvidera*, Miss SCHOLEY—very well considering she is like Miss KELLY—made "Actress of all Work."—In the "*Maid and the Magpie*" she played *Annette*: which much better suited her talent. Mr. WILTON mouthed the *Jew*;—*Gerald* by old DAWSON,—*Martin*, young DAWSON, and the *Dame* by old Mrs. DAWSON cannot be excelled in any provincial company;—*Malcour* by Mr. ROGERS, *Everard* by SAUNDERS, the worst that can be possibly.

SAM SAM SON.

Penzance, Oct. 30, 1822.

[*To be Continued.*]

\*.\* The Coburg and Royal Amphitheatre shall be particularly noticed next month.

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